[ficlet] Stamina

Sep. 11th, 2011 at 9:41 AM

Title: Stamina.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut, smut and smut.
Pairings/Characters: Dean/Gabriel.
Word Count: 925 words.
Summary: Gabriel's made one too many disparaging remarks about Dean's stamina, so Dean decides to get back at him.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card. The prompt I used was fucking machines. This one is a whole lot smuttier than the last one, so I figure that balance is restored on the bingo.

"If you're going to complain about my stamina, then you'd damn well better be ready for the consequences," Dean says, walking down to Gabriel's ankle to fix up the sigils with a sharpie.

"I'll face any consequences you throw at me! I'm just not so fond of this being tied down part. So you can loosen those and I'll lie perfectly still without them. Promise!"

Dean drags a nail up the arch of Gabriel's foot and watches the archangel stifle a laugh. While it's tempting to abandon his plans and tickle Gabriel instead, Dean's put too much effort into this to stop now.

"It's called a fucking machine. You're not getting up until we've found out exactly how good your stamina is."

"I *know* what it's called!"

"Then stop whining and let me get this show on the road."

Gabriel tugs at the cuffs on his wrists and flops his head back, sighing. "I'm going to murder Castiel," he mutters.

Dean raises an eyebrow, positioning the machine and applying a last coating of lube. "Are you now."

"Well," Gabriel pauses, eyeing the dildo. "Maybe not. But don't expect me to take this lying down." He tugs at the cuffs again, then amends his statement. "There'll be consequences for this."

"And then I'll turn around and give you more consequences for whatever you do next. It's a big happy circlejerk, isn't it?" Dean finished the last of his preparations, and looked at the clock. "Nine twenty four. Let's see how long this takes." He flips the switch, and watches as the machine whirs into action, thrusting into Gabriel and out again.

"Not bad," Gabriel says. "Kinda boring, though."

Dean grunts and scoots the machine closer, adjusting it - Gabriel's not going to be a help here, not with his faked yawns - and cranking up the speed, and there -

Gabriel moans like a porn star and squirms in his bonds before he snaps his mouth closed, restraining more moans.

"Like that?" Dean grins as he turns up the speed.

"Nngah," Gabriel says, biting his lips. He's obviously trying to hold back responses, and just as obviously failing. He's spent too long indulging in pleasure and learning how to give up self-control for him to be good at it now, and with the 'cuffs spelled to bind some of his powers (Dean specifically asked Castiel for help with these 'cuffs so that Gabriel couldn't just snap away the machine or sensation in his genitals or something else to get out of it) - Dean keeps an eye on the clock and laughs at how it only takes a minute and a half before Gabriel's moaning again, closing his eyes and pushing his hips forward.

"Strong enough for you?" Dean asks, circling around the bed to look at Gabriel from another angle. He reaches to tug at a nipple, pleased. "This isn't the highest setting it has."

Gabriel squirms, cock hard and leaking already, and Dean lets go of his nipple to move to the foot of the bed. He can see where the dildo is thrusting in and out of Gabriel, and he can see where it disappears exactly, and he might need to shuck off his own clothes sooner rather than later.

He reaches down and unzips his jeans, eyes on Gabriel.

"I'm glad we finally found a way to shut you up," he says, mostly to get a reaction out of Gabriel as he grinds the heel of his palm against his boxers.

"L-Like Hell - ngh - ah - " Gabriel tries, and Dean laughs. It's such a pleasant contrast to their usual sessions, where Gabriel won't shut up until his orgasm is practically on top of him, and even then he's vocal. Here he's at a loss for words and moaning and mostly incoherent, and Dean likes it.

He shoves his pants down, giving up on the idea of watching without participating, and takes himself in hand.

For a long string of minutes there is only the whir of the machine, the various moans from Gabriel and the quiet noises from Dean as he jerks himself off.

Gabriel comes with a shout, as all of his muscles tighten up and for a moment Dean freezes, afraid the cuffs won't hold, but they do and Gabriel whines as he comes down from the orgasm and the fucking machine is still going.

Dean huffs a laugh at Gabriel's expression and resumes stroking himself. He'll have to get a washcloth and clean up Gabriel's mess in a moment, but right now -

Gabriel's cock twitches and slowly hardens again and Gabriel curses as his body betrays him, and Dean comes to the sound of a wrecked Gabriel and the thought of hours ahead of them as the machine keeps going.

Several hours later, Gabriel is moaning incoherently, pupils blown, barely twitching as Dean turns the machine off.

"Good?" Dean asks quietly, putting the machine on the floor at the foot of the bed and beginning to undo the 'cuffs.

Gabriel makes a soft noise and slumps back, clearly exhausted.

"I think I broke you," Dean says, at once amused and slightly worried.

"Nn." Gabriel says, and he closes his eyes. "...got me this time," he mutters. He's not broken, just well fucked.

"Sure," Dean says, hiding relief, and he leans in.

No one will ever know besides the two of them that Dean's kiss is tender, and that Dean's gentle as he gathers Gabriel into his arms and carries him into the bathroom for cleanup.